



New Mackrel, nice Mackrel.

WHEN fresh and from the sea
 quite new,
 The Mackrel, with a glowing hue,
 Of red and purple, green and gold,
 In rays most beauteous to behold,
 At once attracts th' astonished sight
 And tickles every appetite.
 With judgment if you cook the dish,
 Turbots, you say, the king of fish;
 But Mackrel, when 'tis nicely drest,
 You'll grant to be the queen at least;
 And I, for turbot, cod or pick'rel,
 Will ne'er give up my fav'rite Mackrel.